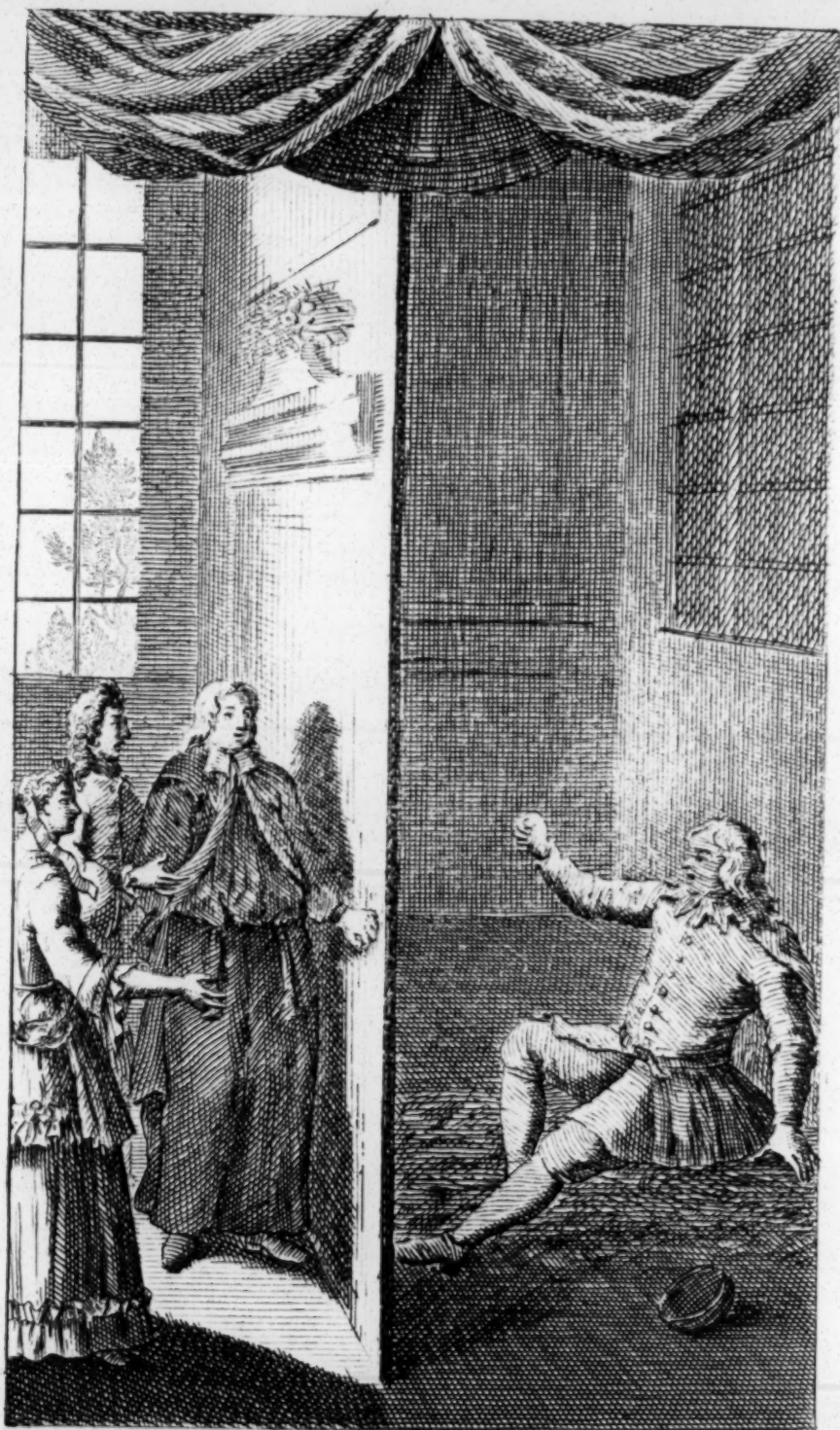




P. Foudrinier scul.

V. 3. p. 177

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

By Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the PROPRIETORS; and sold by the Booksellers of
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M D C C X X I V.

Dramatis Personæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

Valentine,

Curio, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a foolish Knight, pretending to Olivia.*

A sea-captain, friend to Viola.

Fabian, *servant to Olivia.*

Malvolio, *a fantastical steward to Olivia.*

Clown, *servant to Olivia.*

Olivia, *a lady of great beauty and fortune, beloved by the Duke.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's woman.*

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*



TWELFTH.



TWELFTH-NIGHT:

O R,
WHAT YOU WILL.

A C T I.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. **I**F musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that surfeiting
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again, it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. Hush ! no more ;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute ; so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, *Curio* ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why so I do, the noblest that I have ;
O when my eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. How now, what news from her ?

4 TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer:
The element it self, 'till seven years hence;
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But like a cloystrefs she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chambers round
With eye-offending brine; all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance still.

Duke. O she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all Affections else
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
These sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. *Illyria*, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in *Illyria*?

My brother he is in *Elysium*.

Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your self were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Assure your self, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
'To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I see him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. There's gold for saying so,
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino*! I have heard my father name him
He was a batchelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character:
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and by my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or,

Vio. I thank thee, lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, *Sir Toby*, you must come in earlier a-nights; your niece, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine your self within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine my self no finer than I am; these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; if they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: He's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir Tho. By this hand they are scoundrels and subfractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward and a coystril that will not drink

drink to my neice 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a parish top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-face*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch*! how now, Sir *Toby Belch*?

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew*!

Sir And. Bless you, fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir *Andrew*, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My neice's chamber maid.

Sir And. Good mistress *Accost*, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good mistress *Mary Accost*.

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: *Accost* is, front her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. If thou let her part so, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. If you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to th' buttery bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit Mar.*]

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down: Methinks sometimes I have no

more wit than a christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Si. And. If I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, *Sir Toby*.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O had I but follow'd the arts,

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question, for thou seest it will not cool my nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not.

Sir To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a house wife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith I'll home to-morrow, *Sir Toby*, your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: The Duke himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear. Tut, there's life in't man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria* whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like mistress *Mall's* picture; why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a

coranto;

coranto? my very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace: What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else; were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. *Taurus*? that's fides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha, higher: Ha, ha, excellent. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours.

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and attendants.

Vio. I thank you: Here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario*, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. *Cesario*, Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her, Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow 'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth,

Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:

For they shall yet belie thy happy Years,
That say thou art a man: *Diana's* lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair: Some four or five attend him,
All if you will; for I my self am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best

To woo your lady; yet, O baneful strife!

Who-e'er I woo, my self would be his wife.

[*Exe.*

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I
will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in
way of thy excuse; my lady will hang thee for thy
abience.

Cl. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this
world need fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Cl. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where
that saying was born, of I fear no colours.

Cl. Where, good mistress *Mary*?

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in
your foolery.

Cl. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and
those that are fools let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long ab-
sent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging
to you?

Cl. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage;
and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Cl. Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if
both break, your gaskings fall.

Cl.

Cl. Apt in good faith, very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve's* flesh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: Here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Cl. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling; those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus*, better a witty fool than a foolish wit. God bless thee lady.

Oli. Take the fool away.

Cl. Do you not hear fellows, take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides you grow dishonest.

Cl. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple fillogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: The lady bad take away the fool, therefore I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Cl. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain: Good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it;

Cl. Dexterously, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Cl. I must catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouse of virtue answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bid your proof.

Cl. Good *Madona* why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Cl. I think his soul is in hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

Cl.

Cl. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n : take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend ?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him, infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

Cl. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly : Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal ; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brains than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already ; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies*.

Oli. O you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a dislemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem canon-bullets : There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Cl. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Ospino* is it ?

Mar. I know not, madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay ?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman : Fie on him. Go you, *Malvolio* ; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Cl.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest son should be a fool : whose scull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *Pia-mater*.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle ?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman ? what gentleman ?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here. A plague o' these pickle herring : how now, sot ?

Clo. Good *Sir Toby*.

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?

Sir To. Letchery, I despise lechery : there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay marry, what is he ?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not ; give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Ex.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool ?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman : one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my uncle ; for he's in the third degree of drink ; he's drown'd ; go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman. [Ex. Clown.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so ; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he ?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my vail: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Oxino's* embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty —— I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth to cast away my speech; for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp my self, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your self; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve; but this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady: tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure you have some hedious matter to deliver, when the cartesie of it is so fearful. Speak your Office.

Vio. It alones concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady.

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lyes the text?

Vio. In *Orsino's* bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face; you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted ; I will give
out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be invento-
ried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will.
As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes,
with lids to them, *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so
forth. Were you sent hither to praise me ?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud :
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you : O such love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty.

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
him ;

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person ; yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense :
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia* : O you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much :
What is your parentage ?

Vio.

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it ; fare you well :
I thank you for your pains ; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no feed-post, lady ; keep your purse ;
My Master, not my self, lacks recompence.
Love, make his heart of flint, that you shall love,
And let your fervour like my master's be,
Plac'd in contempt : farewel, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage ?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman ——— I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon ——— not too fast ———
soft, soft,

Unless the master were the man. How now ?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtile stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be —
What hoa, *Malvolio*.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The Duke's man ; he left this ring behind him
Would I, or not : tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reason for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, a will.

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind :
Fate, shew thy force ; our selves we do not owe ;
What is decreed must be ; and be this so. [Exit.

A C T II.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Antonio. WILL you stay no longer? will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth, Sir, my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express my self: you must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*, which I call'd *Roderigo*; my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my self, and a Sister, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that, for some hours before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with such estimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare you well at once, my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion

occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino's* court; farewell. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee.
I have made enemies in *Orsino's* court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.]

Enter Viola and Malvolio at several doors.

Mal. Were not you c'en now with the Countess *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither,

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this: receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be wroth slooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.]

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly:
She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring? Why he sent her none.
I am the man——— If it be so as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easie is it, for the proper false
In womens waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made, if such we be.
How will this sadge? my master loves her dearly,
And I poor monster, fond as much on him;

And

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me :
 What will become of this ? as I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love ;
 As I am woman, now alas the day,
 What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe ?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I,
 It is too hard a knot for me t'untie.

[Exit.]

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach *Sir Andrew* : not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'st.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion : I hate it as an unfill'd can ; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early ; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. 'Faith so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria* I say, a stoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Cl. How now, my hearts ? did you never see the picture of we three ?

Sir To. Welcome as, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the equinoctial of *Queubus* ? 'twas very good i'faith : I sent thee six pence for thy lemon, hadst it ?

Cl. I did impetico's thy gratility ; for *Malvolio's* nose is no whip-stock. My lady has a white hand, and the mirmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent : why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

Sir

Sir To. Come on, there's six pence for you. Let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a ———

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown sings

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know

Sir And. Excellent good, 'faith,

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:*

Present mirth hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still unsure.

In delay there lyes no plenty,

Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight,

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed; shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. Byr lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain; let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good i'faith: come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwailing do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio*'s a *Peg-a-Ramsay*, and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I consanguinius? am not I of her blood? *Tilly valley, lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.*

[*Singing*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's an admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O *twelfth day of December*,

[*Singing.*]

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do you make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of places persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Strike up.

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that she harbours you as her uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your self and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[*Singing.*]

Clo.

Clo. What and if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tane, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by saint *Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoop of wine, *Maria*.

Mal. Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry. to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet *Sir Toby*, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths. The best persuaded of himself: So cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Str To. What wilt thou do?

Mar.

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device.

Sir And. I have it in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my neice, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an afs.

Mar. Afs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, *Pent'hifilea*.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight: thou hadst need send for more mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for mony, knight; if thou hast her not i'th' end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come knight, come knight.

[Exit.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick; now good-morrow friends:

Now good *Cesario*, but that piece of song,

That

That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that
should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the jester, my lord, a fool that the lady
Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the
house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Ex. Curio.* [*Musick.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are,
Untrid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very eccho to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let still the woman takes
An elder than her self, so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise our selves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than womens are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy self,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expreffure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he fhall find himfelf moft feelingly perfonated. I can write very like my lady your neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diftinction of our hands.

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Sir To. He fhall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my neice, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is indeed a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an afs.

Mar. Afs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter: obſerve his conſtruction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.]

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Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come knight, come knight.

[Exeunt.]

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In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are,
Untrid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

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Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let still the woman takes
An elder than her self, so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise our selves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than womens are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy self,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

26 T W E L F T H - N I G H T : *Or,*

For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so,
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O fellow come, the song we had last night,
Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain ;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir ?

Duke. I pr'ythee sing.

[*Music.*]

S O N G.

Come, away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Prepare it.
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown :
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir ; I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or
other,

Duke

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Cl. Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. Once more, *Cesar*, Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty : Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her, Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune : But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir ?

Duke. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must, Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, Hath for your love as great a pang of heart As you have for *Olivia* : you cannot love her You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's fides Can bide the beating of so strong a passion, As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart So big to hold so much ; they lack retention. Alas, their love may be call'd appetite : No motion of the liver, but the pallat, That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ; But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much ; make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me, And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe ; In faith they are as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter lov'd a man, As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.

Duke. What's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord : she never told her love,
 ' But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
 ' Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought,
 ' and with a green and yellow melancholy,
 ' She sat like patience on a monument,
 ' Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?
 We men may say more, swear more, but indeed,
 Our shews are more than will ; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's house,
 And all the brothers too——and yet I know not ——
 Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste ; give her this jewel : say,
 My love can give no place, bide no deny. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
 let me be boild to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'it thou not be glad to have the nig-
 gardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable
 shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man ; you know he brought
 me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting
 here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and
 we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir *An-*
drewe.

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain : how now, my
 nettle of *India* ?

Mari. Get ye all three into the box-tree ; *Makvelio's*
 coming down this walk, that has been yonder i'th' sun
 practising

practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting, lye thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her, What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.

Fab. Oh peace: contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes.

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

Sir To. Ah rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the *Strachy* ried the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel*.

Fab. O peace, now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state ———

Sir To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my uncle *Toby* ———

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. Oh peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, cursties to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th lips then.

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time, with
a foolish Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here.

[Taking up a letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life this is my lady's hand: These be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes; her very phrases: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impression her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal; tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man must know, No man must know—— what follows? the number's alter'd —— no man must know —— if this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

Sir To.

Sir To. Marry hang thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucrece knife.*

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M. O. A. I.* doth sway my life—nay, but first let me see ——— let me see ———

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the stallion checks at it?

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this — and the end — what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me? softly — *M. O. A. I.* ———

Sir To. O, ay! make up that, he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M.* ——— *Malvolio* ——— *M.* ——— why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M. O. A. I.* — this simulation is not as the former ——— and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft, here follows prose — *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness; some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy*

blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worth to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She that would alter services with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champion discovers no more: This is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do now fool my self, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests her self to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised. Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not chuse but know who I am; if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prythee. Jove, I thank thee; I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir. And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir. And.

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua vita* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou most excellent devil of wit.

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

Fl. **S**AVE thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by the tabor?

Cl. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Cl. No such matter, Sia, I do live by the church: For I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say the King lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: Or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Cl. You have said, Sir: To see this age! a sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

B. 5,

Alto.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton; but indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. The reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: If that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible,

Vio. Art not thou the lady *Olivia's* fool?

Clo. No indeed, Sir, the lady *Olivia* has no folly, she will keep no fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino's*.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir,

Sir, I will confister to them whence you come ; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin, I might say element, but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests.
The quality of the persons, and the time ;
And like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise-man's art :
For folly that he wisely shews, is fit ;
But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde Monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi, vostre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house, my neice is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her

Vio. I am bound to your neice, Sir ; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you.

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier ! rain odours ? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant and vouchsafed : I'll get 'm all three ready.

Oli.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*]

Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

Y'are servant to the Duke *Orsino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him I think not on him: For his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him. But would you undertake another suit, I'd rather hear you to solicit that Than musick from the spehres.

Vio. Dear lady.

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send, After the last enchantment you did hear, A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse My self, my servant, and I fear me, you; Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours. What might you think? Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your receiving

Enough is shewn; a cypress, not a bosom, Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak,

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grace: for 'tis a vulgar proof That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again; O world, how apt the poor are to be proud?

If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf ; [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
There lies your way, due west

Vio. Then westward hoe :

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship,
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay ; pr'ythee tell me what thou think'st of me ?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are,

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right : I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it were better, Madam, than I am,
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt, and anger of his lip !
A murd'rous guilt shews not it self more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon,
Cesar, by the roses of the spring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :
But rather reason thus with reason fetter ;
Love fought is good ; but given unfought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good Madam ; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again ; for thou perhaps may'st move
That heart, which now abhors to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, *Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Duke's serving-man than ever she bestow'd on me. I saw't 'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight'! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand Jury men since before *Noah* was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a *Dutchman's* beard, unless you redeem it by some attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour, challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendations with women than report of valour.

Fab.

Fab. There is no way but this, *Sir Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him ?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial-hand, be curst and brief : it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention ; taunt him with the license of ink ; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, set 'em down and go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write it with a goose-pen, no matter : about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you ?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo* : go.

[Exit *Sir Andrew*.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, *Sir Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him ; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then ; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite the youth bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter *Maria*.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your selves into flitches, follow me ; yond gull *Makvolio* is turned heathen, a very renagado ; for there is no christian that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd ?

[*Mar.*]

Mar. Most villanously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church : I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him ; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies* ; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis ; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him ; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.——

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sebastian and Anthonia.

Seb. I would not by my Will have troubled you. But since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no farther chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth, And not all love to see you, tho' so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage. But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts ; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonia*.

I can no other answer make but thanks. And thanks : and ever-oft good turns Are shuffled off with such incurrent pay ; But were my worth as is my conscience firm, You should find better dealing : what's to do ? Shall we go see the relicks of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir ; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night, I pray you let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame That do renown this city.

Ant.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me :
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies
I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I ta'n here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument :
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for traffick's sake
Most of our city did. Only my self stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me : hold, Sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs at the *Elephant*
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town, there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*.

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him ; he says he'll come.
How shall I feast him ? what bestow on him ?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud :
Where is *Malvolio* ? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes
Where is *Malvolio* ?

Nar. He's coming, Madam : but in very strange
manner.

He

He is sure posselt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave ?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but smile ; your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.
How now, *Malvolio* ?

Nial. Sweet lady, ha, ha, *[Smiles fantastically.]*

Oli. Smil'st thou ? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad lady, I could be sad ; this does make some obstruction in the blood ; this cross-gartering, but what of that ? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is : *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why ? how dost thou, man ? what is the matter with thee ?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs : it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know that sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. To bed ? ay, sweet heart ; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee ; why dost thou smile so, and kifs thy hand so oft ?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. At your request ?

Yes, nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady ?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness ? 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Some are born great——

Oli. Ha ?

Mal. Some atchieve greatness——

Oli. What say'st thou ?

Mal.

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them——

Oli. Heav'n restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow Stockings——

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd——

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, not me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orsino's is return'd. I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby*? let some of my people have a special care of him, I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [Exit.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter, she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she; be opposite with a kinsman, sure'y with servants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of flat, put thy self into the trick of singularity; and consequently sets down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful; and when she went away now, let this fellow be look'd to; fellow! not *Makvelio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple; no obstacle; no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—— what can be said? nothing that can be, can come between me and the

the full prospect of my hopes. Well, *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian and Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and legion himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him; did not I tell you? *Sir Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what man, despise the devil; consider he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wise woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord.

Sir To. Pr'ythee hold thy peace, that is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir.

Sir To. Ay biddy, come with me. What man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good *Sir Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx'!

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang your selves all: you are idle shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. It's possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of mad men; but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note, he keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir

Sir To. Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-les.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me ———

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon me of our souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thy self. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-check.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly; so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and as thou draw'st, swear horribly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof it self would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my neice confirms no less; therefore this letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Ague-check a notable report of valour and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece ; give them way
'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid
message for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*]

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't.
There's something in me that reproves my fault ;
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour fav'd, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : fare thee well,
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't ; of
what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know
not ; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the
hunter, attends thee at the orchard end ; dismount thy
tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is
quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir, I am sure no man hath any
quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and clear
from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish a man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is a Knight dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nod, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no: his indignation drives it self out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [Exit *Sir Toby*.]

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possible have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exe.*

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago: I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. *Fabian* can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, if I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey *Capliet*.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel, I have persuaded him the youth's a devil. [*To Fabian,*

Fab. He is horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: Marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me; a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd

promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. *[They draw.]*

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defend you. *[Drawing.]*

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[Draws.]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up if you please.

[To Sir Andrew.]

Sir And. Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man, do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 Off. No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well; 'Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away, he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy. I shall answer it. What will you do? now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Than what befalls my self: You stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?

For

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something; my having is not much,
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh heav'ns themselves!

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see
here,

I snatcht one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? the time goes by; away,

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!
'Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad, away with him:
Come come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exit.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I:
Prove true, imagination, oh prove true,

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you.

Sir To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass, even such, and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask *Fabian*.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. If I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [Exit.



A C T IV.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clown. WILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be clear of thee.

Clow. Well held out i'faith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master *Cesario*, nor this is not my nose neither; nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prythee vent thy folly somewhere else, thou know'st not me.

Clow. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove

a cokney : I pry'thee now ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady ; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming ?

Seb. I pry'thee foolish *Greek* depart from me, there's mony for thee. If thou tarry longer I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth thou hast an open hand ; these wise men that give fools mony get themselves a good report after fourteen years purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again ? there's for you. *[Striking Sebastian.]*

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there : Are all the people mad ? *[Beating Sir Andrew.]*

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady strait : I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. *[Exit Clown.]*

Sir To. Come on, Sir, hold. *[Holding Sebastian.]*

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him ; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in *Illyria* ; tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come my young soldier, put up your iron ; you are well flesh'd : Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now ? if thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what ? nay, then I must have ounce or two of this malapert blood from you

[They draw and fight.]

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam.

Oli. Will it be ever thus ? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,

Where manners ne'er were preach'd : Out of my sight,
Be not offended, dear *Cesario*,

Rudesby, be gone. I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath betch'd up, that thou thereby,

May'st smile at this : Thou shalt not chuse but go :

Do not deny ; beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this ? how runs the stream ?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in *Lethe* steep,

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay come I pray : Would thou'dst be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O say so, and so be.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee put on this gown and this beard,
make him believe thou art *Sir Topas* the Curate ; do it
quickly. I'll call *Sir Toby* the whilst.

Cl. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my self
in't ; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled
in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the
function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good
student ; but to be said an honest man, and a good house-
keeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man a great
scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir To. Jove blefs thee, Mr. Parson.

Cl. Bonos dies, *Sir Toby* ; for as the old hermit of *Pra-*
gue, that never saw pen and ink, very wily said to a
neice of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is : So I being Mr.
Parson, am Mr. Parson ; for what is that, but that ? and
and is, but is ?

Sir To.

Sir To. To him, *Sir Topas*.

Clb. What hoa, I say, peace in this prison.

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

[*Malvolio within.*]

Mal. Who calls there?

Clb. *Sir Topas* the curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, *Sir Topas*, good *Sir Topas* go to my lady.

Clb. Out hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man?
Tallest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. *Sir Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd good *Sir Topas* do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clb. Fie, thou dishonest sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with curtesie: Say't thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, *Sir Topas*.

Clb. Why it hath bay windows transparent as baricadoses, and the clear stones towards the South North are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complaine'st thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, *Sir Topas*, I say to you this house is dark.

Clb. Madman, thou erre'st; I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any constant question.

Clb. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clb. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clb. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow

of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispos'st the house of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*.

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas*!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown, he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my neice, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. *[Exit.]*

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my lady does.

[Singing.]

Mal. Fool.

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say.

Clo. She loves another—— who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio*!

Mal. Ay, good fool,

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have propertied me; they keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: The minister is here, *Malvolio*, *Malvolio*, thy wits the heav'n's restore: Endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo.

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.
who I, Sir, not I, Sir, God b'w'you good Sir *Topas*,
Marry, amen. I will, Sir, I will, Sir.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I
am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some
paper; I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man
in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, Sir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good fool, some ink, paper
and light; and convey what I set down to my lady: It
shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter
did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you
not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man 'till I see his
brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink,

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree;
I pr'ythee be gone,

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.

I'll be with you again

In a trice, like to the old vice,

Your need to sustain.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries ab ba! to the devil;

Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,

Adieu, good man drivel.

[Exit.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious sun,
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*.
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.

His

His counsel now might do me golden service ;
 For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
 To any other trust, but that I'm mad,
 Or else the lady's mad ; yet if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
 As I perceive she does : there's something in't
 That is deceivable. But here she comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine : if you mean well,
 Now go with me and with this holy man
 Into the chantry by ; there before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth. What do you say ?

S.b. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
 And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way, good father ; heav'ns so
 shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine. [*Exeunt.*





A C T V.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fabian. **N**OW, as thou lov'st me, let me see this letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of my self, and by my friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O you give me ill counsel.

Clo.

60 T W E L F T H - N I G H T : O r ,

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer : there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all : the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of *St. Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw ; if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir ; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness ; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.]

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the smook of war :
A bawbling Vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter ?

Offi. Orsino. this is that *Antonio*
That took the *Phoenix* and her freight from *Candy* ;
And this is he that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* lost his leg :
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir ; drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distractions

Duke,

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino: noble Sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate;
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth,
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without censure or restraint;
All this in dedication. For his sake
Did I expose my self (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this adverse town,
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company,

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heav'n walks,
on Earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have
Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable?

Cesario,

Cesario, you don't keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam.

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*.

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario*? Good my lord—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it ought to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,

As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
'To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings has breath'd out

'That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it please my lord, that shall become
him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do't,
Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death

Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,

That sometimes favours nobly; but hear this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument

'That screws me from my true place in your favour:

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.

But this your minion, whom I know you love,

And whom, by heav'n, I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.

Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

To spight a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these Eyes, more than my life,

More by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above

Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

Vio.

What you will.

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thy self? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away.

Oli. Whither, my lord? *Cesario*, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband.

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, firrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub; what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thin own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her, but direct the feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest——

Oli. O do not swear;

Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

Enter

Enter Sir Andrew with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God a surgeon, and send one presently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H's broke my head a-cross, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God your help. I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew*?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one *Cesario*; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Cesario*?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is, you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause, But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; sot, didst see *Dick* surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir, above an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'th morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past measure *Painim*. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

Sir

Sir To. Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb,
and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exe. Clo. To. and And.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your uncle :
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard on me, by which
I do perceive it hath offended you ;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,

A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio* !

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee ?

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'd you that, *Antonio* ?

Ant. How have you made division of your self ?

An apple cleft in two, is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian* ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :

Nor can there be a deity in my nature

Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :

Of charity, what kin are you to me ?

[*To Viola.*]

What countryman : what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of *Messaline* ; *Sebastian* was my father,

Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too :

So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.

If spirits can assume both form and suit,

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,

But am in that dimension grossly clad.

Which from the womb I did participate.

Were

Were you a woman, as the rest go even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O that record is lively in my soul,
He finished indeed his mortal act

'That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
'That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lye my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

[To Oli.

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right noble is his blood;
If this be so, as yet the gla'ss seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
'Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

[To *Vio.*

Vio. And all these sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep us true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maids garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suit.

A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, firrah?

Cl. Truly, madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the slaves
end as well as a man in his case may do: he's here
writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to
day morning. But as a mad-man's epistles are no gos-
pels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't and read it.

Cl. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool
delivers the mad man—*By the lord, madam,* [Reads.]

Oli. How now, art mad?

Cl. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must al-
low *Vox*.

Oli. Pr'ythee read it, i'thy right wits.

Cl. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is
to read thus; therefore prepend, my princess and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, firrah.

[To *Fabian*,

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me,
and the world shall know it: though you have put me
into darkness, and given your drunken uncle rule over
me, yet have I benefit of my senses as well as your la-
dyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the
semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to
do my self much right, or you much shame: think of me
as you please: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and
speak out of my injury,*

The madly us'd Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Cl. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*, bring him hither.

My

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on?
To think me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you;
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.
Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your sex, [To Viola,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding.
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad-man?

Ol. Ay, my lord, this same: how now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Have I, *Malvolio*? no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.

Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bad me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people?
And acting this in an obedient hope.

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck or gull
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me why?

Ol. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling.

And

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee be content,
'This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
'Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess my self and *Toby*
Set this device against *Malvolio* here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
The letter, at Sir *Toby's* great importance,
In recompence whereof he hath married her,
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, Sir, in this interlude, one Sir *Topas*, Sir, but that's all one; by the lord, fool, I am not mad; but do you remember, madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not he's gagg'd: and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[Exit,

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come,
(For so you shall be, while you are a man;)
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's Queen.

[Exeunt.
Clown]

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To think me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you;
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We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come,
(For so you shall be, while you are a man ;)
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's Queen.

[Exeunt.
Clown

Clown sings.

*When that I was an a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain ;
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.
 But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
 For the rain, &c.
 But when I came at last to wive,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain, &c.
 But when I came unto my beds,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
 For the rain, &c.
 A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, &c.
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[Exit.]



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